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CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
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THE CARMELITE

APRIL 10, 1929 FIVE CENTS

WE HEAR GREAT FIDDLING

Superb musicianship marks the violin-playing of Albert Spalding, whose recital on Friday evening filled the Golden Bough with listeners almost to overflowing. No one who was there needs the further word of the critic to announce to him that what he heard was beauty. Indeed, in the face of such unalloyed loveliness, the critic may well doubt his own function, and for once lapse into the purer silence of the reverent listener.

Yet there does remain a word to be added. After all the audible beauty is conceded, and the technical virtuosity so smooth that it almost disappears under the glitter of its own brilliance, there is still an enormous something unnamed, a quality which cannot be transmitted over the radio. And this, we maintain in opposition to many a critic, lies in the personal quality of the artist,—in the majesty, the reticent passion, the divine the godlike tranquillity, of the man who stands there drawing sounds from an antique wooden box of curious curvature.

Not only does Albert Spalding play the fiddle most remarkably; but his personal presence provides again a proof of the majesty of human life. He conveys the knowledge to us upon a thin stream of sound emerging tenuously in the words of Vitali, Brahms, Lalo, and Debussy. He conveys it in the grave dignity of his relation to his audience, to his music, to himself. He expresses it again through the totally harmonious relationship of bodily movement, hand and arm and torso, the line complete toe-tip to the tip of the fiddle bow, as he plays. At the phrase-ends, at the end of the Spanish Symphony, the bow leaves the string with a spring. The movement of the line of tone is completed in the visual line of movement.

A recital combines the auditory, the visual, the personal. The recital of Albert Spalding at the Golden Bough was in all three respects superb.

from a photograph by Edward Weston

Heart, in that wood tonight
The cold lies deep,
The green things are asleep,
Asleep, in that wood tonight.

Nor yet spring comes again
Bringing her wild
Sweet children, child by child,
The trillium . . . and the wren. . .

Heart, for that wood tonight. . .
Heart, do not weep.
The quiet snow lies deep,
Deep, in that wood tonight.

—Ellen Janson Browne.

Carmel News

DEATH COMES TO A GENEROUS WOMAN

Mrs. Grace Velie Harris, giver and founder of the Grace Velie Harris Metabolic Clinic now arising in Hatton Fields, and to be headed by Dr. R. A. Kocher, died suddenly on Monday evening of this week at her home in the Highlands. She had long been an invalid, conscious of the tenuousness of the thread of life. Death came as the result of an acute heart attack.

Mrs. Harris was a woman of many generous gifts to the community, her most recent one, of one thousand dollars to the Girl Scouts, having been announced last Friday at the formal opening of the Girl Scout House.

FROM THE FLOWER SHOW COMMITTEE

If you are interested in flowers and flower arrangement, sign up for the Basket Contest in the Flower Show.

The baskets will be furnished by the Woman's Club. They will be exactly alike so as to give all contestants the same start. Success, therefore, will depend entirely upon the ingenuity and artistry of the contestant.

The flowers used in the contest must have been grown in an amateur's garden.

The public will judge the contest. All those who wander through El Paseo to look at the Flower Show will be asked to vote by secret ballot on the most successful basket.

The points to be considered are the beauty of the flowers and the beauty of the arrangement.

There will be ribbons for first and second place.

If you are interested, tell any member of the Woman's Club, or get in touch with Mrs. Rolf Eskil, Telephone 415, Postoffice Box 1067.

CONCERNING LITTLE CHILDREN

Miss Myrtle Carnes, assistant superintendent of Schools in Stockton, California, will speak on Saturday of this week at three on Problems concerning the Education of Young Children, at the Adobe School, 153 Hartnell Street, Monterey.

Miss Carnes has lectured at the Ethical Culture School in New York, at Wellesley, and before audiences interested in the advance of education. The Adobe School invites all who are interested, to come.

SHALL WE ABANDON THE KEROSENE STOVE?

Ah, those were the days,—and not half a dozen years ago,—when Carmel was still burning, in most cottages, kerosene lamps; when people carried lanterns up the paths to the Forest Theater productions on summer evenings, and Perry Newberry, mayor of the town, would go up and down the street with a megaphone, like a town crier, announcing that a child was lost, and rousing all citizens from their regular occupations to search until she was found.

We're weakening, as a last stronghold against the battering ram of "progress." There are radios braying upon the silence of the air, and piercing the dull thudding tone of the beat of the high-tide upon the beach. There are pavements and Spanish-tiled buildings going up. And on the streets ladies in fashionable attire, not quite all of whom are from foreign parts. Only last year Beth Ingels was the loveliest thing to be seen at a concert of the Music Society, in her long blue overalls, hands in pockets. Nowadays... Five years from now it won't even be good form to look delightfully shabby any more. We shall have to go to teas with a high polish on our shoes; and plus fours won't be worn at dinner parties.

Now comes the Pacific Gas and Electric Company before our august council with a petition for a franchise. It will bring illuminating gas over the hill to us. The council bridles a bit, blinks its eyes at the sudden brilliance of the prospect, and as usual decides to spend a month in deliberation over the matter.

But it is easy to see that we are doomed. The perfume of the kerosene stove which has so long characterized our cottage kitchens, will be gone. No more the hasty dash with a can to the grocer, with supper waiting chill and disconsolate for the emergency gallon. Only in the nostrils of memory will that pungent odor remain, distilling pictures of early Carmel days. Coty, from Paris, will prepare for us a half-ounce bottle of the memorable liquid, at sixteen dollars a whiff, marked in raised gold letters with the name "huile de longtemps."

INSTEAD OF WEDNESDAY

The April meeting of the Carmel Parent-Teachers Association will be held at the Sunset School on Friday the twelfth at three o'clock instead of on Wednesday.

Mrs. Pearl Crawford of the State Bureau of Public Health will speak on the subject: "The Organization of Pre-School Work." A cordial invitation to come is extended to all parents and friends.

THE CARMELITE

CALENDAR

April

Fr. 12 **P. T. A. meeting**—at the Sunset School at 3:00.

Sa. 13 **Lecture**—on Problems in the Education of Little Children, by Myrtle Carnes. At the Adobe School, 153 Hartnell Street, Monterey. All are welcome.

Th. 18 **Cyril Delevanti**—in "The Dover Road," comedy by A. A. Milne. Abalone League

Sa. 20 production. Carmel Playhouse at 8:15.

Sa. 20 **Costume song recital**—by Consuelo Cloos, assisted by Frederick MacMurray, viola player. C. S. Greene studio, Lincoln near Thirteenth.

Su. 21 **Divine Services**—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a.m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a.m.

Su. 21 **Abalone League**—football in the afternoon in Carmel Woods.

THE WOMANS' CLUB CALENDAR

Book Section—April 10 and 24, at 10:30 a. m., at Mrs. Sevilla H. Ford's, 11th and Junipero.

Current Events—April 3 and 17 at 10:30 a. m. at Mrs. Charles van Norden's, Lincoln and Santa Lucia.

BENDING THE BUILDING A BIT

If cars continue to skid on Ocean Avenue pavements in Carmel, we shall be impelled to give a column of our Architectural Issue to a discussion proposing the use of gutta percha as a building material. Mrs. Charles Spelman Stanton of upper Carmel Woods drove her Buick at a conservative pace down the middle of town last week. But when she left it parked alone for a moment while she went into the library, it went on a tear and climbed over the curb at Lincoln and Ocean, and took a considerable nip out of the front of Zanetta Catlett's Studio of Interior Decoration in the Seven Arts Building. Rubber bumpers on buildings in skidding zones are hereafter to be recommended.

ANOTHER FINE SHOP

The Myra B. Shop of Myra B. Fassett has moved a few doors north to the Studio Building, and is now showing, in luxurious and richly-colored surroundings, decorative wear, and gifts, of great temptation. Beads and necklaces predominate. But there is also some magnificence of copperware.

Another object of great interest, not for sale however, is a stone implement of primitive origin, for preparing poy. It is totally modern in the perfection with which the form follows the function, curved to fit the hand. Neither is its decor the mere meaningless twiddle that post-primitive design has become; but a sturdy example of phallic symbology.

ANOTHER GOOD W. I. L. DISCUSSION

International Cooperation was the subject of Eunice Gray's lecture before the Women's International League on Sunday evening at the C. S. Greene's.

The outstanding example of international cooperation is of course the International Postal Union. This illustrates both the principle of totally successful administration of a public utility by governments, and also the extraordinarily smooth working together of governments upon one piece of work. The International Postal Union, Miss Gray pointed out, supercedes even the individual member governments, which are subject to its rulings.

Miss Gray sketched the history of the development of cooperative enterprise shared by nations, culminating (so far) in the League of Nations with its fifty-five members. Although not a member, the United States sends a representative to its secretariat, which is in effect a sort of international civil service. The work which is done by its many committees on matters of international concern, (for instance, health, opium trade, labor,) is very great.

One of the most important of these is the Committee on International Cooperation. Gilbert Murray is chairman. Other members include Albert Einstein and Millikan.

The effect of wars upon the intellectual life of the world has been particularly devastating, Miss Gray showed.

There are over five hundred organizations of international stretch in existence today. In the active discussion which followed the lecture, the recent internationalization of banking was spoken of as important. In Paris there has been formed an internationally cooperative group of the financial interests of the world. This will have to international credit the relation that our own Federal Reserve Bank does to internal credit. It will be a controlling force in making or preventing wars.

This winter's meetings of the Women's International League, held in residences instead of in a hall, have had particular vitality of discussion. They are become group discussions, preceded by information excellently supplied, on social and economic problems. Theirs is not a sentimental pacificism, but good sound economic theory and clear factual thinking.

* * * *

SELF EXPRESSION

(After the recital, between the foyer and the street):

Ah good evening. Wasn't it splendid? Didn't he play wonderfully? Yes, lovely! O how do you do, Mrs. Z? Wasn't it a beautiful recital? Yes, I thought so too. And such technique! Really, I thought he was better than Kreisler, didn't you? O, Mr. Y, how did you like it? Wasn't it splendid? Didn't he play wonderfully? yes, lovely. O, how do you do, Mrs. X? Wasn't it a beautiful recital? Yes, I thought so too. And such technique. Really, better than Kreisler, don't you think? Ah, Mrs. W., so you were able to get here too. Wasn't it splendid? Didn't he play wonderfully? Yes, lovely. Beautiful. Yes, I thought so too!

* * * *

SNOW ON THE MOUNTAINS

In the middle of the Brahms, a brisk clatter of drops on the roof of the theatre; and a slight stir in the audience among those who walked instead of riding. A crisp and determined storm it sounded.

And afterwards, as the audience poured out of the building, a chorus of exclamation. The hail had piled up in little drifts like snow in the chiller corners out of doors. Four or five inches deep these snow-drifts. Children fortunate enough to possess indiscrete parents who took them to hear evening violin music, filled their hands with the icy confection.

And next morning April sixth, the glittering on the mountains up the valley! Glitter as improbable as a chromo on a picture post card. Deep polar snow. A crystal silence in the air. And color everywhere of violent beauty.

Stay down under, little peeping buds and growing sprouts. Keep heads warm down below. The Carmel calendar has gone on strike and we have imported a little weather from foreign parts.

* * * *

POST CONCERTUM

After the concert, we slipped down to the Blackmans, and there found a company engaged in sprightly conversation. Margaret Fishel, a guest of the Blackmans who is a friend of Spalding's, had persuaded the artist to accept Carmel hospitality.

Mr. Spalding, and his gifted accompanist Andre Benoist, ate of the generously-sliced layer cake with which Carmel still quaintly and deliciously regales itself, and told some good stories.

"The most interesting editor I have ever met," said Mr. Spalding, "was Mr. Ole Bull Grieg in Norway. A son of Ole Bull, and nephew of Grieg, or some combination of the sort.

"But times were hard, and he left his country to come to America.

He gave up his literary ideas and went to see Lew Fields. He could do a little of everything. He could sing a bit. He could dance. At last, when arrangements were about to be consummated, Mr. Fields asked him his name.

" 'Ole Bull Grieg.'

" 'My God,' said Fields, 'why stop there? Why didn't you say it was Beethoven?' "

Personal Bits . . .

Dene Denny took an early morning train on Saturday for a dash up to San Francisco, where she played modern piano music at the Fairmont Hotel at a luncheon of University of California sorority alumnae.

* * * *

What will the radicals say, what will the intelligentsia say, when they discover that Lincoln Steffens has been consorting with the enemy, has been lunching and dining with Rotarians and Kiwanians? Has been lecturing before them and been vastly applauded? Will they say that here is another good comrade gone wrong in his maturity? There is something wrong surely when an arch-radical becomes the most fashionable and distinguished man in his town?

But there are other ways of looking at the fact. Perhaps it has taken only that many years for what only the radicals of the old days believed or knew, to become acceptable to the rank and file. Perhaps oi polloi have caught up to the thinking of the old leaders, and can hear them tell the truth at last without crucifying them; can not only hear but listen; can not only listen but believe.

Or . . . is it simply the artistry of Steffens which captures these minds? The artistry of the man who can tell a whole truth, but tell it so skillfully, so wittily, so subtly, that he does not so much as bruise an old prejudice?

* * * *

THEN WHY USE PLANES?

Mr. C. R. Fisher, formerly proprietor of the Old Cabin Inn, drove his Ford coupe from Los Angeles to Carmel in eight and a half hours last week,—and from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara, a distance of ninety-nine miles, in fifty-five minutes. Lest this statement should fall under the eyes of the minions of the law, we add that this is a statement not subject to verification, since it is mere history. And history has a way of disappearing unverifiably down the dim canyons of time. But Mr. Fisher is willing to lay large sums of money upon the bet that he did and can again.

* * * *

IT'S ODD NOW

how week-enders from town consume the landscape. All that ocean down there, and we of Carmel have politely left them the whole beach besides.

But what do they do with it all?

Some do skip down in their bathing suits like good week-enders and true.

But others stroll up and down, and up and down, and up and down Ocean Avenue, looking in the shop windows; wandering into shops; and eventually buying something because there seems to be nothing else to do. Urban psychology unable to adapt itself to the sea-scape.

Music . . . .

TWO MORE

And now the Carmel Music Society, whose last concert of the season Spalding's was to be, announces two more. One by Richard Buhlig, pianist, on May third, and another, in the later spring, by Fred Scott, tenor. The success of the season's four concerts fully justifies its augmentation by these two admirable choices. As the audience of a concert at the Theatre of the Golden Bough streams in, looks about, and sees Carmel brightly arrayed and summarized before its eyes, there must come an experience of great pleasure in the recognition. The sense of a sort of communal, a cultural, unity, springs up at such moments,—one of the values which tend to make small town life richer than that of cities.

AND HAROLD GRIFFIN

There has arrived in Carmel an interesting young pianist, Harold Griffin. Mr. Griffin has had to struggle with his family for opportunity to allow his musical gifts to develop. He was twelve before he could persuade them to let him study the piano. They tried to deflect him from his course too by sending him off to the university; but there is an energy in the gifted youth. His seven years of intense musical concentration with his teacher, Ethel Newcomb, who was assistant to Letchetizky, cause him to resist ordinary academic education.

Mr. Griffin is a pianist of startling promise. He has come here to work and to teach, but it is distinctly to be hoped that he will also be heard.

CREATIVE MUSICIANSHIP

There are few great creative artists among women; and, by the same token, few composers of achievement among them. The reason simple. The creative energies of women are ordinarily consumed in their biological activity.

America has poets who, however, contradict this general rule. Edna Millay. Elinor Wylie. But composers? America has had Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Gena Branscomb. There are of course always the commercial sentimentalists,—the Carrie Jacobs Bonds,—with their facile and demoralizing flow of tunes . . . but few, o few, women composers of stature.

Marguerite Fischel of St. Louis has been in Carmel this week. She does to some degree contradict the rule. She is wife and mother and intellectual,—and yet writing music such that Aaron Copeland, arch-satirist among composers of our generation, protests "But this is serious music!" Her work is published by Schirmer (who does not make his bets lightly) and by Ricordi.

weisshaus uses and endorses the baldwin piano

since discussion will be in terms of individual responses and questions, the class membership will be limited. for information consult: mrs. h. f. dickinson —— carmel 87-r mrs. lincoln steffens —— carmel 433

weisshaus is opposed to the custom of lecturing, and in this way proposes to substitute first-hand experience of new music for the usual lecturer's opinion about it.

weisshaus will play works representing the outstanding contemporary tendencies and will lead open forum discussion directly following. compositions discussed at each meeting will be presented again at the opening of the next meeting.

imre weisshaus

composer-pianist of budapest will conduct a class in appreciation of contemporary music at the home of mrs. h. f. dickinson on carmel point, during the month of may.

CONSUELO CLOOS

IN SONG RECITAL

WITH

. . . . . FREDERICK MAC MURRAY

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SUNDAY EVENING APRIL 21

TICKETS A DOLLAR

CARMEL'S GOOD PUBLIC SCHOOL

There are some two hundred and sixty children in the public school of Carmel and its kindergarten; a principal, seven classroom teachers; four special teachers; (and a watchful janitor who, most especially at noon-time when he guards the road with stop-and-go signals, represents the dignity, the integrity, and the friendliness, of the law).

These two-hundred-seventy-odd human beings spend five days of each week together engaged in tasks of living and growing. Theirs is an activity worth watching.

We recently spent a morning there, and shall spend others. Partly in order to suggest similar visits to other parents, we report it here.

The first and most central fact about any school is its spirit. One feels it on playground and in the halls, before the bells have rung the end to free play, and after the children have moved in to their classrooms. This year upon the playground of the Sunset School we are conscious of a general goodwill, a wholesomeness of feeling, which are heartening. The repressive methods of the old teaching used to have their reaction upon the playground. The free play of children provides the index of the school.

The Sunset School playground has unusual beauty and spaciousness. Great play-spaces for the big ones, and the middle-sized ones, and the little ones, separately. (For big boys nowadays are giants, and the girls are giants. In fifteen years, popular knowledge of nutrition and hygiene have brought about a hearty crop of youngsters).

The bell rings, and in come the hordes to their class-rooms. The first-graders, like the kindergarten, have a building all their own. The Kindergarten cottage is new and delightful,—a house in a forest like one in a fairy-tale. The first grade inhabits something more like the old-fashioned country school,—wooden, and with a little wood-stove. There is something quaint about this little schoolhouse,—although when it rains, a generous day's rain, the water comes puddling down the grade into the schoolroom, making a three-foot lake inside the door. (But some day they'll have a new building, after the voters of Carmel have wakened to the fact that growing populations imply growing schools.)

These youngsters are busy learning to read and write, of course; but the school recognizes that the living of life is even more important than readin' an' writin'. The Project Method is in full force here. The children are carpentering a little house, big enough to play in; and the garden about their building, with sweet peas well advanced toward budding, is their own handiwork.

Each class group has its own year's project, for that matter, beginning, with the youngest, studying home and the school. The next group studies the life of the community; the next, children of foreign lands; and eventually we reach the uppermost grades, making a study of the history of civilization, modelling a Roman town in clay, compiling an illustrated record of architecture and the fine arts; even writing their own historical pageant to illustrate the history of the race.

This is subject matter familiar to us all. There is no particular point in being original here. Method and spirit of approach are the thing. The old class-textbook is to a large degree gone; the children study their subject by way of conferences, individual research, and reports on their work which they make to the class as a group. There is much more spontaneity this way than there used to be.

We register a mild horror that in so many of the classrooms there are still seats and desks nailed to the floor. But Mr. Bardarson, a school principal with understanding for the real values in education, will achieve the freer thing in good time. The third grade at least has a room of free chairs and tables . . . a bright gay place with a spacious feeling. Many of the old bugaboos of school life are gone from this place. The old barriers between teacher and taught tend to break down. The principal is no severe dread figure, but a fine serene friendly human being. Mr. Bardarson has in fact brought much to the Sunset School in serenity and simple friendliness and quiet understanding.

To our surprise, it is a very average sort of population which fills our school. The big boys are just big lanky boys recently turned from soprano to bass,—or so they look. It is difficult to tell that under their khaki-and-corduroy there beat the hearts of poet's sons. It looks like a good average slice from among the sons and daughters of the demos.

In a morning's visit one can see work of only one tenth of the school week; and only one at a time of the eight groups, —therefore only of one eightieth of the week's activity, even though one had eyes at the back of one's head, and understanding of everything one saw. The projects of the afternoon's work we shall visit on another day.

Several activities we saw which gave indication of fine feeling,—although it must be admitted that among an average American school population it is difficult to produce a real "culture." The response of a group to beauty however was delicately evident in the dancing,—folk dancing and rhythmic movement,—which we saw the eighth grade girls doing. Free, even at that difficult age, from the

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Th. Fri. Sat.
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least self-consciousness, they were moving with beauty and joy under the leadership of one of themselves. So much initiative, spontaneity, and clear pure feeling for beauty, had been achieved in this group by Miss Wallace.

Personalities of such quality are to be sought after.

The cultural contribution which many individuals in Carmel could make to the school, enriching the life-experience and the life-sense of its children, is very great. In communities where parents care greatly (some day Carmel will perhaps be one of these) there is often a warm interchange between the school world and the outer world,—visitors slipping in at all hours to observe or to participate, —parents and others.

Something of this has already begun in the Sunset School. Last year school lunches started to be served. "Began to be served"? Yes, and continue to be served. How? Why, in this wise: Daily, five days a week, and ten months of the year, mothers come to the school, and give their mornings faithfully to the labor of preparing food for the children. This is done under direction of a committee which plans the meals, and of one paid worker. In this wise it is possible to serve the children a well-balanced and nutritious meal at fifteen cents each. The faithful, whose light is buried under the bushel of the school basement, wept a little that the need of the school for more satisfactory quarters has been so little understood by voters recently. But some day the opportunity will recur.

Meantime, good work is being done in good spirit at the Sunset School.

The Theater

"THE DOVER ROAD"

Cyril Delevanti, who played a delightful "Grumpy" recently with the Abalone League, proved his competence as a director still more forcibly in "Four Walls." Next week he will appear in the leading part in "The Dover Road," a comedy by no less than A. A. Milne.

"The Dover Road" is a comedy of marriage and divorce in England. It is filled with clever, subtle, and engaging bits, sophistication at its gayest. Cyril Delevanti as the aristocrat will be charming.

EDWARD WESTON
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SEVEN ARTS BUILDING

Poems . . .

MYSELF

Behind the dark of my eyes
Strangeness looks out at me gravely.

Curves white and cream
Curves brown and rose and golden
Know nothing of this.
They are always following the sweet ache
of motion
Towards repose.
They love their cool hills,
Their well of fire.

But out of the hush of my known eyes
Strangeness
Asks of me gravely.

—Ellen Janson Browne.

I WILL BE SILENT

Where only leaves and grass will whisper of
The burning memory I keep.
I will not try to tell the face of love
I will be silent now . . . until I sleep
I will be silent now . . . until I sleep
That he came softly, with a singing lyre
And a strange flower in his hand, and I
Followed him to the uttermost desire.
I will be silent now, until I lie
Safe and forgotten, underneath a tree
That is so kindly I need not defend
Love's lovely name again. . .
Then, in the quiet dark, my heart will stir
And tell the roots how beautiful you were.

—Ellen Janson Browne.

SKY-LINES

Once when my world was obdurate,
Sky-line of trees in water set it straight.

Shadows pace gulls at sea—and men-of-air;
One is not safe from shadows anywhere
Except at sky-lines.
It's not seeing down on shadows that I mind,
But, being a shadow, having to look up to find
Myself—myself in dim vignette of pines
Lit with the stars; in contours of the cities, even—
San Francisco's tournure has that freedom.
Lobos' coast knows it, having outworn old desire.

When the sun pours umber into Carmel Bay,
One might step toward heaven shod with fire,
To take the amber goblet, moon, and toast Monterey.
When the light shifts—and trees are dark lace—
When the moon foams from that high place,
Stars frosting sequins on the chill hem of heaven,
Stitched by comets, threading that purple even,
One might out-cry Time; one might out-reach Space.

—Ruth Mantz.

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

WE SAID NO

If thirty-two more affirmative votes had come in to the ballot box at the Sunset School last week, the School Bond issue would have won. The loss was by a small margin amid voting which was, for Carmel, heavy. Three factors account for the loss of the proposed issue. One, the imminence of a bond proposal before long for a city hall and a fire house. This imminence is not yet official,—but it looms. Two, the related opposition of the school bond issue by the Pine Cone. And third, the inclusion in the school board's plans of a rather costly auditorium. Without this, the issue would certainly have gone through. Decent citizens cannot deny to a school what is essential to its growth. But the auditorium, in the light perhaps (or shall we call it darkness?) of comments made editorially by the Pine Cone, seemed a luxury. At first hint of a threat of luxury, Carmel tax-payers, already groaning under the weight of the library tax, draw in their horns, and growl, or thunder, No!

That this suspicion of luxury was unfounded, and that an auditorium is thoroughly justified by the school's needs, the School Board must now make clear to the community. It will be a long time before this bond proposal can come up again before the voters. By then the school will be enduring still greater crowding.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LANDSCAPE

One thing which makes the ordinary city street fail so of an appearance of harmony with its world, is that no building has any particular architectural relationship to its neighbor. The "garden city" (there are many of these in England) has buildings planned in relationship to one another. In American street arrangement there is such "individualism" that the composition looks about as a garden would look if in one row one came first let us say upon a potato plant, next one radish; thereafter in succession a sunflower, one head of lettuce, a date-palm, a strawberry-plant, an artichoke bush, watercress, a grapevine, a mango-tree, and a mushroom.

Such individualism is dissonant in the composite. Roof-lines treat one another as irrelevant. History runs wild. Old English, pseudo-Spanish, and the Hollywood false-front, jostle one another like ill-assorted dance partners.

The old European street is likely to have a delightful roof-line, each building having consulted its neighbor with some courtesy before hand. And there is harmony of mood as well as of style. These buildings do share a common architectural feeling. They make an organic group. They are, taken together, a sort of civic organism. (I am thinking of streets in Holland, in Switzerland, in England.)

Yes, our building here lacks courtesy. Each building has got to be bigger and better (yes, and cheaper too perhaps) than those that have gone before. Our "architects" will begin to be artists when they look to right and left of them, in front and behind, when they design a building. If a shop is to be built upon a business street, that shop needs to fit into its environment as a setting. All the rest is frame.

If we were to design and build in this spirit, we should eventually have a town whose business streets are strangely and livingly harmonious. But look at us as we are now. Each shop looking straight out of its window, neither to right nor to left. They are not on architectural speaking terms. The street feels like a crowded subway carful of people . . . all surreptitiously looking at one another, yet permitting no smile, no word.

The difference between a poem and a list of grocery items . . . the street we might build, and the streets we have. The absurdity of the ordinary city suburb, with its vain and pathetic little plots, fenced in with passionate possessiveness. . . They might have opened out toward one another, landscaped as a whole, made of themselves a magnificent park.

It is unfortunate that only the real estate interests, with their subdivisions, plan neighborhoods as a whole. (We need to find a way by which neighborhoods can take this sort of thing into their own hands. If it is too much to hope that they will care yet to attempt any sort of architectural agreement, why not begin with group landscaping of neighborhoods?)

Correspondence

To the editor:

Why the devil do you copy stuff like this! (our article on Hoover's cabinet).

Is the "Federated Press' anybody besides Lawrence Todd, and who the hell is Lawrence Todd?

W. D. Mitchell is an exceedingly fine type of man and an exceedingly capable one, as anyone can testify who ever had any dealings with him,—either as Solicitor General or in private practice.

And this bird, Todd, doesn't sort the others out right, either. A. Mitchell Palmer, after he quit being a senator and became Alien Property Custodian during the war, pulled a lot of stuff that looked bad; tho he never got hooked with the goods on him.

Daugherty was just a small-town lawyer, but a big cog in the Republican machine. Personal friend of Harding's, and that's howcum Harding to make him Atty. General. * * * He was actually tried in court for only one of his many transgressions,—for grafting in connection with Col. Thos. Miller,—a later Alien Property Custodian. He and Miller were tried twice for same crime. Miller made the mistake of not getting Max Steuer for his counsel. Anybody who is headed straight for the electric chair hires Steuer. Unless he feels that he is, he hires some attorney not so expensixe. At each trial they managed to get one juror to hold out for Daugherty's acquittal. Miller, tho a rich man with a lot of pull, was convicted, fought the case thru several courts, but finally had to give up and go to Atlanta Penitentiary. He's there yet,—unless Coolidge let him out. There was talk recently of pardoning him,—now that he was nearing the end of his sentence,—so that the poor feller wouldn't lost his citizenship. You'd think the Republicans had so many votes that they could afford to lose one.

Fall we know all about. Lawrence Todd seems to have heard about him, too.

Denby was a perfectly straight man. He was a boob in the hands of a slick rooster like Fall; but an honorable man.

Clair Foster, of the Vapor Press,—try us and you will never go elsewhere; for a darned good reason. Hi.

INTERNATIONAL LIFE AT GENEVA

Southern California has made an investment in better world understanding by sending six college men to Europe to travel, study, and attend three major Youth Conferences.

These students visited students and young leaders in Scotland, England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Austria, and Hungary. They had a definite quest:—to learn the attitude of European students toward international affairs and toward international student cooperation.

They attended the International Confederation of Students (C. I. E.) conference in Paris, the International Order of Service Convention in Brussels, and the World Youth Peace Congress in Holland. Each one of these conferences was attended by students, from all parts of the world, and each focussed attention on world affairs.

To attempt to say anything about the international life here at Geneva is to write a book. I can only make a few generalizations and observations. In the first place, Geneva illustrates an admirable brand of cosmopolitanism. There are gathered here her students and leaders in national life from practically every nation in the world. I have been able to find absolutely no instances of inequality. You find groups of men and women, students and elders, composed of representatives of the brown, black, yellow and white races, discussing the League, national characteristics, the stimulating lecture of the morning, etc. There is no mushy sentimentalism about it. You feel somehow that you are free from the shackles of prejudice, which seem to hold you apart from the foreign student, and you feel at home a few hours after you arrive. But who can say who is foreign in Geneva? It is as much for the English as for the French, for the Indian as for the German.

In the second place, Geneva is intellectually alive and vibrating with interest. Everyone you meet talks to you in a most interesting way about the vital problems, about politics, religion, philosophy. The weather is outlawed as a subject for conversation, except on special holidays. And don't glean from this that the place is inhabited by a group of long-haired grinds with horn-rimmed glasses. Nothing of the sort. They are normal, vigorous people, who play a tantalizing game of tennis and shoot golf with exceptional accuracy. Furthermore, they are spending vacations here, not going to school for credit. They pay ten dollars for ten lectures, and take notes, and nothing is mentioned about grades or credits.

In the third place, Geneva is the home of the League, which is a most remarkable piece of machinery for registering national desires for cooperation and executing those desires. I have been through the Secretariat and have heard several lectures on the League, describing it work. The American professor who took me through the Secretariat, outlined to me the many important activities of the organization. For example, just yesterday some shooting took place across the border between Greece and Bulgaria resulting in the death of some Bulgarian soldiers. There is enough enmity between these two countries at the present time warrant that the issue become the basis of a war. Ten years ago, Bulgaria would have marched into Greece in 48 hours, but now the League has the machinery all set up for the settlement of the dispute. The representatives of the countries followed out the rules for the occasion, and the matter will probably be settled in a week. No one nation now wants to take the great responsibility of starting a war and breaking the covenant until every means has been exhausted to get a peaceful settlement. The means are defined and ready waiting. The League has made "Peace at any Price" a logical rule for European politics to follow, because war is so costly.

THE HUMAN RAY

A recent scientific discovery is concerned with the finding of a ray of energy which is emanated by human beings, and which has been scientifically isolated and named.

Constantly and amazingly and increasingly science is verifying what has long been privately and intuitively known. Certain groups of minds, for instance the Theosophists and others of somewhat similar psychology, have organized this knowledge into statements. Volumes of them. To the scientist, trained to weigh and verify; and to the ordinary logical mind, these statements may sound arbitrary, fantastic, and absurd.

There was this statement about "the aura," for instance. The ancients symbolized this in the halo of the saint, the visible light streaming and given forth by certain human beings.

Some of us are aware of a glow emanating from certain human beings nowadays, —this invisible luminosity. Its degree and brilliance and vitality vary with individuals, vary and fluctuate within the individual.

Isn't our initial response to the individual, —friendly, or antipathetic, or whatever it is,—very much a response to this impalpable emanation, this not-to-be-reasoned-about fact, this something of which we are not really conscious? An interior remote awareness causes the immediate reaction of affirmation or antipathy; and reason, like a great hulking watch-dog, tries clumsily to explain what it doesn't understand,doesnt know to exist.

Popular psychology has spoken of this emanation, now the subject of scientific measurement, as "magnetic," and the assumption is that it has very much to do with sexual attraction. The identity of the emanation with sexual attraction will have to be established and verified by the scientist. Until then, there is room for the view that they are not the same.

Innumerable are the examples of human awareness of the "aura." There is no pretence or hypocrisy in knowing and pretense or hypocrisy in knowing and of us hesitate to acknowledge our observation of it. Recognizing it is like discovering a new sense, and seems to open new paths for the development of man's powers. New senses. Greater and greater awareness of the nature of our world.

NEW ADJUNCTS FOR THE BEAUTY SHOP

There sat a painter and a photographer and a poet and a wife or two, at a table at the Blue Bird, lunching. Just the opportunity to learn what it is that artists talk about. In Paris "Art" is the correct subject for discourse at the café table on the sidewalk. In Carmel it can be no less?

We eavesdrop a little.

One of them has just suggested that the Boyntons give a Sunday breakfast party and invite the rest.

"All right," complies Ray Boynton." "You are invited. I will make buckwheat cakes."

"No," answers the guest-to-be. "Waffles."

"No waffles," parries the host. "Buckwheat cakes."

"Especially," contributes Mrs. Boynton, "as we've no waffle iron."

"Waffle iron," muses Roger Sturtevant idly as his glance wavers about the room. "Waffle iron. Now couldn't you curl your hair with a waffle iron?"

"Roger! Your fortune's in the notion. Of course curl hair with a waffle iron. L' art moderne."

Roger hastens to the door.
"I'm off to the electric shop" he hurls the remark over his shoulder, "to tell them my idea... Only" (he has to come back from the sidewalk for this) "of course I won't just give them the idea. I'll..."
"Sell it to them!" come all voices in chorus.

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THE LAST SHRED OF EXCUSE

"There never was any solid evidence" writes one of the editors of The New Republic "against Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings, now serving life sentences in California for the Preparedness Day bomb explosion in San Francisco in 1916. One by one, every witness against either of them has been shown to be a perjurer. The last of the series was Estelle Smith, whose evidence convicted Billings. Due to the efforts of that indefatigable seeker for justice and great journalist, Fremont Older, editor of the San Francisco Call, a few days ago she signed an affidavit confirming her previous verbal admission, to the effect that her testimony was false. She had identified Billings at his trial as a man who had carried a suitcase into the dental office where she was employed, on the afternoon of the explosion. The office was at the scene of the explosion, and the presumption was that the suitcase contained a bomb, which was thrown from the roof. She now admits that she was never sure of this identification, and says she was threatened by District Attorney Charles M. Fickert with a term in the penitentiary if she refused to go on the witness stand and tell the lying story he had prepared for her. Similar threats were made to her by Martin Swanson, detective . . . who aided in preparing the case against Mooney and Billings. On the other hand, she was promised money 'in five figures' for her perjury by Frank Oxman, the cattleman from Oregon whose false testimony convicted Mooney.

"As we have said," continues The New Republic, "Not one witness testified against Mooney and Billings who has not now been shown to be a perjurer. This has been proved to be the case regarding Oxman, chief witness for the prosecution, who was so reckless as to have written his friend Rigall to come and share in the loot. It has been admitted by John McDonald, the waiter. The Edeau women, mother and daughter, have discredited themselves by their maze of contradictory stories, and now Estelle Smith has come forward to confess that she lied. Against the words of this precious crew may be set the testimony of no fewer than thirty people who say that at the time of the explosion Mooney and Mrs. Mooney were a mile from the scene. Billings has an equally strong alibi. These facts have caused Judge Franklin Griffin, who presided at Mooney's trial, to labor unceasingly for a pardon ever since he learned of them. They have caused Captain Duncan Matheson, who assembled the evidence for the prosecution, to do the same. Police Captain Charles Goff, who also worked on the case, and William MacNevin, foreman of the Mooney jury, have both written Governor Young of California urging that justice be done in the only way it is now possible, through a pardon. Every living member of the jury, with one exception, is now convinced that Mooney and Billings are innocent—a remarkable fact when you remember the strong inclination of every human being to justify his own former acts. Governor Young has promised to 'give the case careful consideration' in the near future. It is hard to see what he has to consider in the light of the record."

INDUSTRY AND THE LANDSCAPE

Moving the side of a granite mountain in the upper stretches of the Mokelumne River is on the program of Pacific Gas and Electric Company engineers for the early part of April, as one of the steps in the construction of the Salt Springs dam, the basic unit of the Company's $25,000 Mokelumne River hydro-electric development. Crews are now busy day and night drilling the necessary holes for firing a "shot" of approximately 35 tons of dynamite, which will blast away a section of the cliff about 1000 feet long, 120 feet high and 45 feet thick. By the force of the explosion this whole granite mass will be "kicked out" from the mountain for a distance of at least 25 feet. The "shot" will loosen up about 150,000 cubic yards of rock to be used in building the dam.

For the blast 45 perpendicular shafts 6 inches in diameter are being drilled to an average depth of 125 feet and at the level of the bottom of these will be a similar number of horizontal holes 3 inches in diameter. All will be packed with dynamite. The entire charge will then be touched off electrically.

The Salt Springs structure, situated 50 miles east of Jackson, will be the greatest rock-filled dam in the world, containing approximately 3,000,000 cubic yards of granite, the cubic content of Cheops, Egypt's largest pyramid. It will be 328 feet high, 1300 feet long at the crest and 960 feet through at the base.

Although completion of the project has been set for the middle of 1931, the dam already has taken definite form. A concrete cut-off wall, 250 feet long, 15 feet deep and 6 feet thick has been built into bedrock at the base of the structure, 40 feet below the river bed, to prevent seepage. This cut-off wall will be continued up each end of the dam, tying it into the granite cliffs on both the Calaveras and Amador sides of the canyon.

The upstream surface of the dam will have a water-tight facing of concrete, graduating in thickness from three feet at the bottom to a foot and a half at the crest, and based on a layer of derrick

placed granite 15 feet thick. The structure will form a reservoir six miles long and with a capacity of 130,000 acre feet.

Another completed unit is a 1200 foot tunnel, 19 feet in diameter, through which the river is diverted during construction operations, but which, on completion of the project, will feed into a power house at the downstream base of the dam.

Sharing in the development of 33,500 horsepower of electricity at this plant will be water carried through a two and a half mile tunnel and 4500 feet of pipeline from a new reservoir on Bear River, north of the Mokelumne. Water entering the Power house from the reservoir back of the Salt Springs dam will drop about 300 feet, while the water from the Bear River reservoir will drop from the mountain top through steel pipe approximately 2,000 feet.

From this generating unit the water will flow through 20 miles of concrete canal to Tiger Creek, there it will again be dropped down 1200 feet into a power house with a capacity of 80,000 horsepower. Then through another 22 miles of canal to augment the output of the Electra plant, 11 miles east of Jackson, after which it will return to the regular course of the Mokelumne.

CARMEL WILD FLORA

The most conspicuous of plants growing on the coast within ten miles of Carmel.

Monterey Pine.....(Pinus Radiata)
Cypress.....(Cupressus Macrocarpa
Redwood.....(Sequoia sempervirens)
Live Oak.....(Quercus agrifolia)
Buck-eye.....(Aesculus Californica)
Toyon-(Xmas berry).....
.....(Photinia arbutifolia)
Cascara-(Coffee berry).....
.....(Cascara Californica)
Wild lilac.....(Ceanothus thyrsiflorus)
Manzanita.....(M. Hookeri)
Sea Buckwheat.....
.....(Eriogonum fasciculatum)
Silk tassel Bush.....(Garrya Elliptica)
California sage brush.....(A. Californica)
Yellow violet.....(Viola peduncalata)
Blue-eyed grass.....(Sisyrinchum bellum)
Sunshine.....(Baeria gracilis)
Poppy.....(Eschscholtzia Californica)
White Globe Tulip Fairy Lantern
.....(Calochortus albus)
Indian paint brush.....(Castilleja latifolia)
Tygademus.....(Z. Fremontia)
Hen and Chicken.....(Cotyledon farinosa)
Morning glory.....(Convolvulus luteolus)
Beach Aster.....(Erigeron Glaucus)
Wooly Aster.....
.....(Corethrogyne Californica)
Golden Yarrow.....
.....(Eriphyllum Confertiflorum)
Farewell to Spring.....(Godetia Bottae)
Mountain Iris.....(Iris Douglasiana)
Wild Hollyhock.....
.....(Sidalcea Malvaeflorum)
Cream cups....(Platystemon Californicus)
Wild Fuchsia....(Fauchneria Californicus)

HORRIFYING THE YOUNG

Little Ralph Johonnot is the son of an illustrious father who has done perhaps more to influence the use in California of color in decoration than any other individual, both through his own teachings, and that of many of his pupils in the schools.

Yet Johonnots pere and mere have avoided color propaganda within their own member of the younger generation. He is not to be brought up with compultions to be an artist.

Nevertheless the contagion has caught. Coming home from a party a while ago, Ralph junior interrupted his own description of the festivities with "But mother, what do you think? Some one spoiled a very beautiful blue chair by sitting on it in a brown dress!"

THE FORGE IN THE FOREST
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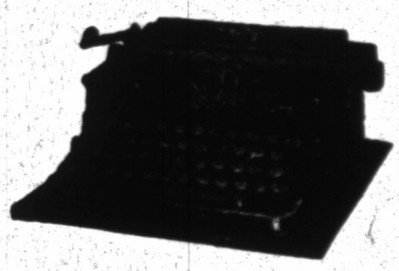
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MY FUTURE

By Benton Grant

(The following is written by a sixteen-year-old student.)

When I am of a more serious mind, I am wont to think of what the vaults of the future may hold for me, to wonder how all this knowledge and preparation will aid me in my path to success or failure. From these day dreams I have built a castle of ideals, an ambition for my future, a goal toward which my every action shall be aimed.

In the first place I choose a romantic and gorgeous background for my dreams. I believe in the migration of the dryads from their arborial homes, I look forward to the sprees of the oafs in the spring, I cherish the thought of fairy queens, all these things I worship not as an actuality but as a representation of my ideals of happiness. They bring to me a certain wholesomeness of existence. With them I can build castles, and whether or not they may fall, they are the edifices which will carry me through many a strait.

I cannot shun my imagination. It is my mainstay and I cannot understand why this sophisticated gossiping world does not see my point. I am led to suppose that that is because I am still young. I shall keep building those dream castles, I dare not let anyone know, but the golden sunset, the rainbow, the woods, and valleys do mean something to me. It's just tough that the rest of the world is so "doggone dumb."

In the first place I have found it good to determine what my idea of success really is. I cannot see a great cheering crowd or a tremendous hoard of money in my dreams. I cannot see an array of trophies surrounding me, I do not hope for luxuries, acclaim, or prominence. I wish that I may render my full measure of service to those about me, to add one ounce of happiness to the world, to develop a strong structure of character that I may have something to build upon in the life to come. I cannot imagine a short and lifeless existence here on earth; my real success will not be measured in gold, clapping hands, or cheering voices.

It would be a crucial mistake to choose my life work merely for its material compensations, to seek reward in the life to come by sacrifices here, to lay down my life in one valiant deed. I would be far more fitting and worthwhile if I should devote myself to the work I love, which I have talent to do, and in which I can serve mankind to my utmost ability.

I must find out what this work may be, whether I am to be a minister, a business man, a writer, a dramatist, a scientist, a mechanic, or a worker in one of thousands of vocations. There is something I can do and do well. Then money will matter

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but little, and my name shall be indelibly printed in the annals of success.

I have read and heard much of girls. I have found the older generations fearing for the future of our young people. Either they are jealous in knowing that they did not enjoy the openhearted freedom of youth (possibly they judge the multitude by the outstanding and extreme few), or perhaps they do not have an understanding heart. I know that there are many boys that agree with me, and I cannot believe that if I follow my ideal I can be falling down the ladder of evolution. It is the corruption and griefs of the past which mar the youth of today. We are overcoming the mistakes of our forefathers and are carrying the cross of morality out of the darkness of past generations into a light of new advancement and idealism.

And what can make these castles fall and shatter my dreams? Is it the misfortune of life, the rubs of our struggle for happiness? I believe it is neither, but if my soul shall lose its faith in a success of character, the fall will be great, but as long as I can turn my eyes upward to see the sun, I shall see the God around me.

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From a woodcut by Ray Boynton

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

In the matter of the Petition of The Carmelite, a newspaper, by its Publisher and Editor to have its standing as a newspaper of general circulation ascertained and established,
THE CARMELITE, Petitioner.
No. 11239

Notice that The Carmelite, Petitioner in the above entitled matter, intends on the 18th day of April 1929 to apply to the above named court for the order herein mentioned.

Notice is hereby given that on the 18th day of April 1929, at the hour of 1:30 o'clock P. M. of said day, in the court room of the above entitled court, in the court house of said court, at the City of Salinas, County of Monterey, State of California, the petitioner, The Carmelite, by its publisher and editor, Pauline G. Schindler, will on said day apply to said court for an order and decree in said matter ascertaining and establishing that said petitioner, The Carmelite, is a newspaper of general circulation as that term is defined in section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California.

Reference is hereby made to the petition in the above entitled matter for fuller particulars, which petition is also now being published in another column of this newspaper.

THE CARMELITE
By Pauline G. Schindler, Its Publisher and Editor.

Date of first publication April 3, 1929.
Date of last publication April 10, 1929.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY

In The Matter Of The Petition Of The Carmelite, A Newspaper, by its Publisher and Editor, to have its standing as a newspaper of general circulation ascertained and established.
THE CARMELITE, Petitioner.
No. 11239 Petition.

To The Honorable Superior Court above named:

I. Your petitioner, The Carmelite, a newspaper published weekly in the City of Carmel By The Sea, Monterey County, California, for the dissemination of local and telegraphic news and intelligence of a general character, by its publisher and editor, Pauline G. Schindler, does hereby respectfully state and represent to this court as follows:

II. That said paper, The Carmelite, started publication as a newspaper on the 15th day of February 1928, and on February 21st, 1928 it was entered at the Post Office at Carmel By The Sea, Monterey County, California, as second class matter under the act of March 3rd 1879; that said newspaper has been in existence under the name The Carmelite continuously and during the whole of the time from February 15th 1928 to the date of this petition, and that said newspaper has during all of said time been issued at regular intervals weekly, and is now being so issued; that during the whole of said time it has consisted of a newspaper of from twelve (12) to forty four (44) pages in each weekly issue, averaging usually from sixteen (16) to twenty (20) pages, that during the whole of said time it has published in each issue items of local news, county news, state news, world news and has carried commercial and general advertising and editorials.

III. That during the whole time hereinabove mentioned the type setting, printing and producing of said newspaper has been performed and is now being so performed by the Seven Arts Press, a printing establishment for printing and publishing newspapers, books, and pamphlets at Carmel By The Sea, Monterey County, California; and that said newspaper has been issued as hereinbefore stated on Wednesday of each and every week from said place where it has been and now is printed and produced, and during the whole of said time said newspaper has been sold to and circulated among the people in Carmel By The Sea, Pacific Grove, Monterey and other cities and towns in Monterey County, and to its regular subscribers in said cities and towns and County, and throughout the State of California, the

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various States of the United States and foreign countries; that said newspaper has now approximately Five Hundred (500) subscribers and it issues on Wednesday of each week Eight Hundred (800) copies which number after mailing copies to regular subscribers, is usually entirely sold out to various news stands and cash purchasers.

WHEREFORE Petitioner prays that this court set this petition for hearing and that upon such hearing the court make and render its order and decree herein ascertaining and establishing and decreeing that said Petitioner is a newspaper of general circulation as that term is defined in section 4460 of the Political Code of the State of California; and that the court make such orders herein for the giving of notice of the hearing of this petition by publication, or otherwise, as the court may deem advisable.

THE CARMELITE
By Pauline G. Schindler, Its Publisher and Editor.

E. Guy Ryker, Attorney for Petitioner.
Goldstine Bldg., Monterey, California.

TIME TABLE
MONTEREY CARMEL and HIGHLANDS STAGES

Leave Carmel For Highlands	Leave Highlands For Carmel	Leave Carmel For Monterey	Leave Monterey For Carmel
9:45 A.M.	10:40 A. M.	8:20 A. M.	8:45 A. M.
		9:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
12:30 P. M.	1:00 P. M.	11:00 A. M.	12:00 M.
		12:45 P. M.	1:30 P. M.
5:10 P. M.	5:40 P. M.	2:30 P. M.	3:45 P. M.
		5:00 P. M.	5:15 P. M.
7:05 P. M.	7:30 P. M.	6:00 P. M.	6:30 P. M.

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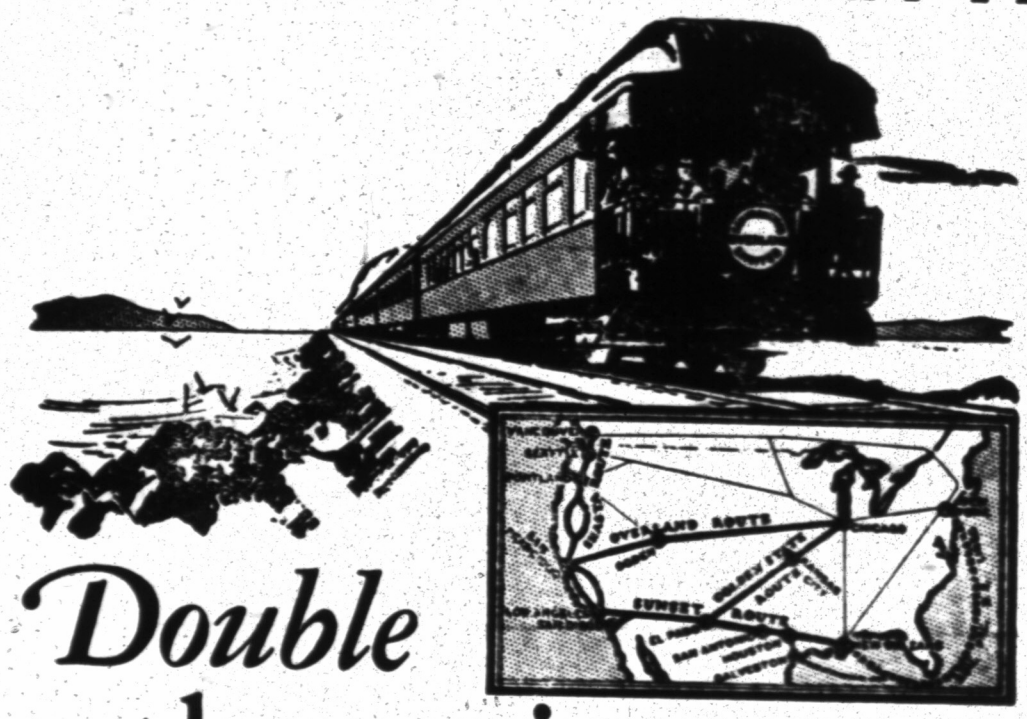

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